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THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Joseph F. Smith

A monthly magazine devoted to the interest of
the child, the progress of the Sunday School
and the enlightenment of the home



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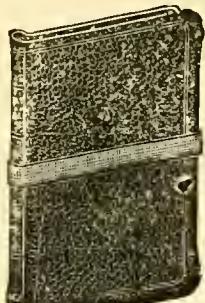
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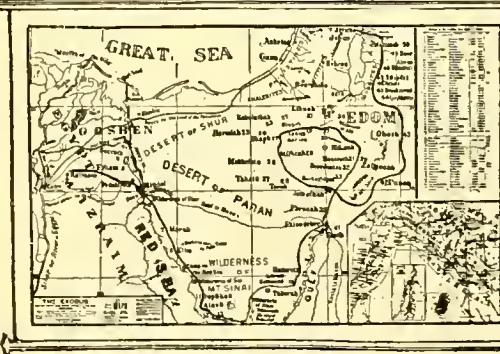
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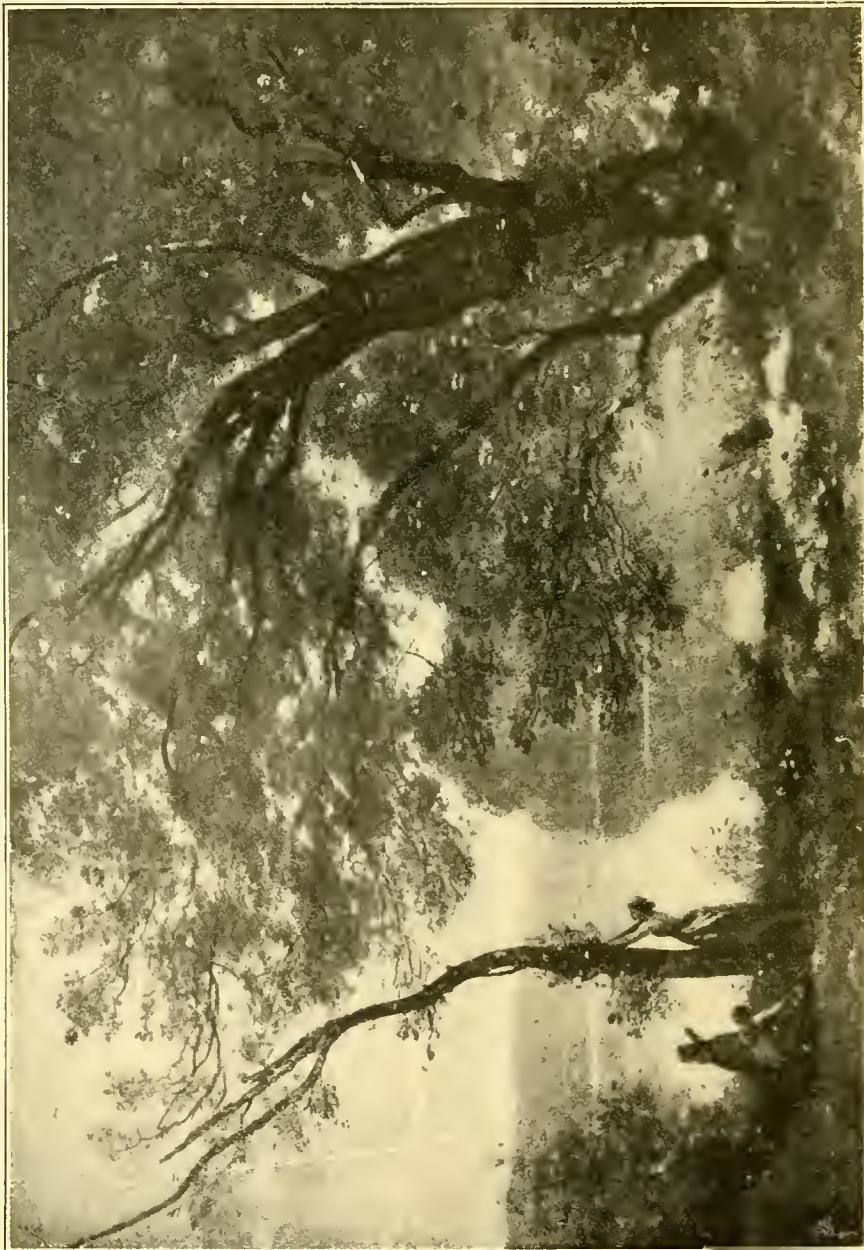
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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

VOL. XLIV

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, APRIL 1, 1909

NO.

The Moderate Drinker.

By Charles W. Eliot, LL. D. President of Harvard University.

From March Ladies' Home Journal.

I have been all my life what is called a moderate drinker—that is to say, I have used beer and wine on occasion, though never habitually—and I have never experienced any ill-effects whatever in my own person from either beer or wine. Again, I have always recognized the truth of the Bible saying about wine, that "It maketh glad the heart of man." There is no doubt of that fact; nevertheless, it may be doubted whether it be expedient that the heart of a man should be made glad in that way. Frequent observation has made me sure that alcoholic drinks have a tendency to cheer people up temporarily, and make them jolly and noisy, but the doubt about the expediency of that kind of elevation has gained on me as years have passed.

The recent researches in physiology and medicine tend strongly to show that even the moderate drinking of alcohol is inexpedient. As a result of experience one old practice in regard to the use of spirits has been absolutely abandoned. No longer are men who are to be exposed to cold, heat, fatigue, or hardships of any sort, prepared or braced for such encounters by any form of alcohol. It used to be considered essential that a sailor in the merchant marine or in the navy should be braced every day for his

arduous work by grog; but now grog has been abolished in our navy for many years and is no longer served in well-conducted ships of the merchant marine. The result is a demonstration that the rough, exposed life of a sailor was not really helped by the moderate use of alcohol; in truth it was injured. No captain of an ocean liner ever supports himself now against the fierce exposures of the bridge by means of alcohol. He may take hot tea, coffee or lemonade to help him keep warm and awake; but he never braces himself when exposed to terrible weather by means of alcohol.

It is just so in regard to strenuous intellectual labors. It was long supposed that nobody could bear the labors of a Prime Minister of England—in the House of Commons late every night, and in Downing Street during long hours every day—unless he was supported by one or two bottles of port per day. Many famous men have lived that laborious life under such stimulation; but all such practices are now absolutely abandoned.

It is well known that alcohol, even if moderately used, does not quicken the action of the mind nor enable one better to support hard mental labor. On the contrary, all intellectual workers find alcohol a drag

on their mental processes; and if they get accustomed to working on alcohol they are apt to offset its effects by an immoderate use of tea or coffee. Hard mental workers who use the double stimulation of wine and tea or coffee are admittedly burning the candle at both ends. On this subject—the value of alcoholic drinks to men engaged in intellectual labor—I have myself witnessed a great change of opinion among well-informed men. The new psychological laboratories of the learned world, some German and some American, have supplied valuable evidence on this subject, and their results are plain and all go one way. For instance, the effect of a moderate use of alcohol on clerks whose principal function is to add up columns of figures has been thoroughly studied. If such a clerk drinks during the day a moderate amount of beer or wine it has been proved that he cannot add as well the next day as if he had taken no alcohol the day before. These experiments have been conducted on a large number of persons, so large as to establish the psychological fact.

An interesting line of experiment has been on what is called the time reaction. By time reaction is meant the interval that elapses between hearing a sudden noise, or seeing a flash of light, and putting the muscles of the hand and arm in motion to touch a given spot or object. The signal enters the brain through the

eye or ear, and the will then sets the motor nerves of the arms and fingers at work to make the indicated motion. In different individuals this interval varies much. Now it has been demonstrated that alcohol—even in the most moderate quantity—affects unfavorably the time reaction—that is, it slows down the whole nervous action of the man who takes it, and this slowing effect lasts for hours and even days.

* * * * *

Benjamin Franklin made a very early obseration of this subject when he first worked, as a very young man, in an English composing-room. Drinking no beer he found he could easily surpass the English workmen in the printing office, and he attributed his greater capacity to his abstinence from beer, which was the favorite and habitual drink of his fellow-workmen. So I say that the recent progress, of medical science, largely accomplished through animal experimentation, has satisfied me that the habitual use of alcohol, even in moderate quantities, is inexpedient, because it lowers the nervous and intellectual power of the human being. If a man be leading an intellectual life, if he be engaged in work which interests him keenly, stirs him, and requires the active use of his powers of thought, then he will inevitably feel the retarding and deteriorating effect of this drug.

Inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold, it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father & & & & & strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies.—Doc. and Cov. 89.



Easter Lilies.

By Annie Malin.

Nan lived in a crowded tenement house in one of the large cities. Her parents were dead and grandma took care of her while kind Uncle Jim worked to support them. Grandma was very old and could tell of wonderful things that happened many years ago. Nan loved the dear old lady very much, and being a thoughtful child could do many little errands for her. Best of all she tried to be good-tempered and in that way helped a great deal.

The houses were quite close together in this locality, and just opposite grandma's window was an empty apartment, the window of which was almost directly opposite hers. It had been empty for some time; but, one day, Nan saw that new neighbors were moving in. She was delighted to see a little girl's face at the window and each greeted the other with a pleasant smile.

"Look, grandma," said Nan, and when she went to the window grandma's quick eyes noted the pale, thin little face, and she said pityingly, "She must be sick, Nan."

For several mornings and even-

ings the little girls greeted each other only by smiles; but one day the little stranger's mother raised the window of their room and motioned for Nan to raise their own.

When Nan complied she said pleasantly, "Mamie would like you to come over, you see she cannot come to you for she cannot walk."

Nan said she would come, and could hardly wait for grandma's permission, she felt so sorry for Mamie. "Just think," she said, "of a little girl like that having to sit still all the time."

"Well dearie," said gran'ma, "go over and sit with her for a while, but don't stay too long."

So Nan went with a cheerful face to help brighten the life of little Mamie. From that time they were firm friends, and Mamie looked forward to Nan's visits with great pleasure.

On Nan's tenth birth-day the post man brought her a small package, and as it was the first one she had ever received in her own name she was much excited.

"Whatever can it be?" she cried

as she read and re-read her name and address.

"Undo it," suggested grandma, and with a happy laugh Nan obeyed her.

With fingers that trembled with excitement she untied the string and in a small box, all wrapped in tissue paper she found two large bulbs.

"What are they?" she asked and after examining them grandma said they looked like Easter Lilies.

"Who could have sent them?" asked Nan, and then as she took them carefully out of the box she saw a slip of paper bearing the words.

"For Nan's birth-day, from Miss Moore," and underneath this was a card on which were the words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Nan's face beamed with delight for next to grandma and Uncle Jim, and perhaps Mamie, she loved Miss Moore, who came to the neighborhood every Sunday to teach the children of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Nan and grandma began to discuss the proper way to plant the bulbs. As they talked Nan was thinking. At last she said gravely, "Grandma, I think I know what Miss Moore means and I will give the larger one to Mamie."

"Very well, my dear," answered grandma, "I think it would make you both very happy."

Just then there came a rap on the door and opening it Nan saw to her joy that it was Miss Moore herself who stood there.

"Oh, Miss Moore come in," she cried, "for we don't know the right way to plant your lovely present."

The young lady entered the room and after greeting grandma, she unwrapped two flower-pots and put them on the table.

"I wanted to share the pleasure of planting the bulbs, Nan," she said.

Nan was delighted with the flower-pot for she had expected to use tomato cans as grandma did for her geraniums. She thanked her teacher for them and also for the bulbs. Then she asked her if she were willing that she should give one of them to Mamie.

"Who is Mamie?" asked Miss Moore with interest. Nan led her to the window where she could see her little friend sitting in her accustomed place. "I see, Nan, that you understand these words," Miss Moore said, pointing to the card upon the table, "and I shall be pleased to see one pot in each window."

Then she helped Nan find some suitable soil and told her how to plant the bulbs. According to her directions Nan partly filled the pot with earth and choosing the smaller bulb she placed it on the earth in one pot pressing it gently so that it sat firmly in place. Next she covered it up with a warm blanket of earth, and pressed that evenly down.

"Are you going to plant Mamie's?" asked grandma.

"No, ma'am," replied Nan, "she would like to plant it herself, I am sure. I know I'll just love to think that I planted mine myself."

Miss Moore approved of this plan, and agreed to go with Nan to Mamie's room. Before they started Nan took her flower-pot to the window and showed it to her friend who looked much interested, but when they took the little present to her she was delighted. "How kind you are," she said to the lady.

"You must thank Nan," said Miss Moore, and now let us plant it, or Nan's will come up first."

Mamie planted the bulb, and as

she watched the thin little fingers pressing the soft earth, Miss Moore's eyes filled with tears.

When the task was finished Mamie's face was bright with smiles while Nan hopped about like a young robin. Miss Moore then told the girls how the bulbs must be treated. "They must remain in the dark for a time," she said "until the roots grow down into the soil. That will make them grow stronger, then, when they have had a good sleep, we will bring them out and give them light and water, and about Easter time they will be apt to bloom."

Then in her pleasant way she compared the bulbs to human bodies and explained how they are laid away in the earth, and in the proper time are brought forth stronger and more beautiful for the deep sleep.

Mamie looked wistfully in the bright face, and asked eagerly, "Will mine be strong and straight like Nan's?"

"Yes, dear child," answered Miss Moore, "strong and straight and beautiful." Then she spoke of Christ's death and burial, and told them of His resurrection and then went on to speak of other pleasant things.

When her visitors arose to depart Mamie said, "When my back pains me, Miss Moore, I'll think of what you have told me and of my lily bulb, and that will help me to bear it."

"I just can't wait while they are in the dark," said Nan.

"Oh, yes you can," said Mamie, "because you know they must have time to get ready."

"How lovely it will be to have a beautiful white lily in each win-

dow," said Nan, "I wonder whose will come up first."

One day a few weeks later Mamie's mother saw a tiny shoot bursting through the earth. How pleased Mamie was, and when Nan came to her window and set her flower pot down, they nodded gaily at each other. How the lilies did grow to be sure, and Mamie forgot her pain many times in the joy of watching both windows. The little girls agreed that they would wave a red ribbon when a bud should appear; and one day Nan caught sight of the signal. It was not many days after that Nan's turn came, and as Easter grew nearer, the stems and buds grew longer and longer until the week before the looked for time Mamie's first bud opened, such a large, fragrant blossom, and both girls were delighted.

"Oh, grandma," said Nan, "I do hope mine will be out for Easter Sunday." And sure enough her first bud opened the day before that time.

Mamie by this time had three out, and Nan was glad her own was the smaller of the two plants. They insisted upon Miss Moore's borrowing them to help decorate with on that beautiful Easter morning, and when Mamie's was brought back by Miss Moore herself, she was told that hers was the most beautiful plant there. How happy they all were, and when Nan said goodbye to her kind teacher she looked into her face with a happy smile. "Just think what I would have missed," she cried in a thoughtful tone, "if I had kept them both for myself."

Miss Moore kissed the little face tenderly as they parted. "Truly little Nan," she said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Tales of Our Grandfathers.

By John Henry Evans.

IV.

THE WILD RAM OF THE MOUNTAINS.

SCENE TWO.

JUSTICE TAKES A NAP.

It was midnight. All day there had blown fiercely over the prairie an east wind, the sort that sticks millions of tiny needles clear through you. Now, however, the stars of a November sky looked down with a glare colder even than the gale. The ground, which three days before had been covered with a few inches of snow, was bare and frozen. So crisp was the air tonight that you just had to breathe through your nose.

And yet a number of people in and about Independence were abroad. In the starlight you could catch glimpses now and then of certain dark figures with moonless shadows flitting stealthily here and there near the small group of houses occupied by the little "Mormon" community.

The first, they were keeping a sharp look-out for mischief. Only the night before—a Thursday it was and the last day in October—a mob of between forty and fifty Missourians thoroughly armed, had made an attack on the Saints living on the Big Blue, about twelve miles distant from Independence. Men had been whipped in a savage manner, and women and children driven out, frightened, into the darkness and the cold. And so the few "Mormons" near Independence had determined not to be taken by surprise. Their guards it was who stole about alertly.

"What's that noise?" Two dark

figures, passing, had halted to listen. And presently the same voice—it was Lyman Wight's—spoke again. "Somebody's coming on the run from the town? Hope nothing's gone wrong."

The other was silent.

Wight and his companion had not long to be kept in surprise. In half a minute a man whom they did not recognize in the darkness hurried past them toward the houses. He had evidently not seen them. Lyman hailed him.

"What's the matter?"

"The mob's broken into the store! Quick! and maybe we c'n catch 'em!" And the messenger led the way in the direction whence he had just come. Lyman Wight, signalling the other guards, struck out in the same direction. Five or six others were presently at his heels, and the whole band scurried over the frozen road towards the store.

The store was that of Gilbert and Whitney, not a great way off. It did not in reality belong to these men; it was rather the property of the Missouri Saints in common, being the Lord's store-house. But it went under the firm name of Gilbert and Whitney for reasons it is not important for us to know just now.

As they approached the building, the men heard a noise within as of something being broken. Could they catch the burglarious mob, they wondered. They increased their speed. Three doors led into the store, one at the front, another at the rear, and a third on one side, near the rear. Dividing his men hurriedly into three groups, Lyman Wight bade each group take a door,

with instructions not to let a man escape.

Those who were to enter the side and the rear door performed their part without any difficulty. They found both doors battered in. With the other is was different. For when Lyman and his companions got round to the front, they found several men in the act of carrying armfuls of goods from the store and scattering them in the street. With a shout of warning to the others, each mobber took lightly to his heels.

All but one; and he too would have done so but for an impediment in his legs. He, it seems, was in the act of unwinding a bolt of gingham in the street when the interminable strip got unwieldy and increased his feet. So when he began to run he tripped like a school boy, and was thus caught by the Wild Ram of the Mountains and his comrades. They took him into the store.

"Well, if this isn't Dick McCarty!" exclaimed Lyman Wight, when a light had been procured.

Dick McCarty was one of the rough braggarts in that part of the country. He had boasted he could, single handed, wipe out the whole "Mormon" population in Jackson county. It is doubtful, though, whether he got his legs entangled in thirty yards of gingham for the purpose of getting his opportunity of doing so.

"And what, pray, did you fellows do this thing for?" Wight inquired.

Now, McCarty was a profane man as well as a braggart. But as I cannot set down any profanity in the *Juvenile Instructor*, his answer will have to be guessed at.

Further questioning brought out the same answer. So they let him alone, and went to work gathering

the things out of the street and repairing the doors.

"Guess we'd better settle your case tonight, Mr. McCarty," said Lyman Wight when everything was put back in its place.

"And what might that be?" asked one of the men, adding humorously,—"a bunt from the Wilk Ram?"

"There's a better way to seek vengeance on thieves and robbers than bunting, however hard," answered Wight in the same mood. "We'll take this gentleman before Squire Weston to be arrested and tried!"

Strangely enough the "gentleman" smiled in a most affable way.

The man looked at Lyman significantly.

Presently they all went out with their prisoner, eight in all, trudging silently in the raw night to the Squire's.

It took some hard pounding on the door to arouse the Squire, for like justice itself, those who administer it often sleep soundly. And after he was awakened, it took some time to get the parties together in what Mr. Weston was pleased to call his parlor. When there, however, Lyman Wight, as the spokesman of the brethren related in detail what had happened. This man McCarty was the only one they had succeeded in capturing, but no doubt the others, at least some of them, might be identified as the burglars if the machinery of the law were set going.

"And what have you to say to all this, Dick?" the Justice asked. "You know," he went on at the same time looking at Lyman Wight,—"you know I can't issue a warrant for the arrest of any one unless I am convinced that there is sufficient grounds for his detention." And he repeated his question to McCarty.

"It's all a lie, what they're been a tellin'!" he replied.

The Squire looked at Lyman, and the rest looked at one another. Surely they could not credit their own hearing. But everybody seemed to have heard the same thing that everybody else had heard. Only, they heard certain things I have not set down here.

"It's all a lie!" Richard McCarty repeated in the same emphatic way, looking straight into the Squire's eyes and then into the "Mormon" brethren's eyes.

And I cannot help remarking here, now the thought comes up, that you can't always tell whether a man is truthful or not by the fact that he looks straight at you without shifting his eyes; for he may be a practiced villain, you know. Anyway, Richard McCarty looked his accusers directly in the eyes.

"Then how do you account for your being here?" inquired the Justice pertinently.

"Ain't them fellers Mormons?"

"Yes," the Judge answered.

"And ain't they a claimin' this here land as a gift f'm A'mighty God?"

"Yes, I've heard so," admitted Weston.

"Well, then!" was the triumphant exclamation of the bandit, as if he had proved the case.

"But how came you to be taken by these men?" the Squire insisted. "I've got to be satisfied, you know.

"Well, I'll tell you Judge," was McCarty's answer, "me 'nd two others was passin' their old settlement comin' from a convention meetin' when they came out yellin' like demons. The other fellers they run, but I stayed to face the music, 'nd that's how they come to mob me. And there Judge ye

have the ful story, straight and true."

Justice Weston didn't believe a word the man said, but he had a version of the capture which would better suit his purpose than that of the "Mormons." He was in full sympathy with the strongest anti-"Mormon" sentiment in Jackson county.

"You're heard his side of the story, gentleman," said the Squire, "and I must say it sounds reasonable. It isn't likely that respectable men like Dick here would break into a store and strew the goods in the street.

"But Mr. Weston," urged Lyman Wight, "here's seven of us to testify that we caught them in the very act of doing it!"

"I'd rather take the word of one of our old settlers here than the word of seven hundred Mormons," the Squire said. "No Missourian will never be convicted in this place on the sole word of a Mormon, as long as I'm justice of the peace." And then, turning to McCarty, he said, "Dick, you may go!"

Not only did Dick go, but the others went too.

"I'll fix ye for this!" muttered the liberated mobber as a parting shot.

And "fix" them he did, at least some of them. For next morning the constable came to the homes of the seven brethren who had taken McCarty, to arrest them for defamation of character and false imprisonment. McCarty came along with the officer to identify the "Mormons" of the previous night. It happened that Lyman Wight was away seeing what could be done towards getting justice in the matter of the attacks on the Big Blue settlement of the Thursday previous. But the other six were found and arrested.

The six men were handcuffed, searched for deadly weapons, and marched without breakfast to the same place where they had tried to get justice the night before in the case of McCarty. Squire Weston seemed not in the least surprised or displeased.

A face of a trial was gone through. Each of the parties restated the testimony, McCarty still holding to his statement of the night before with more or less variation; this time he was a lone traveler going by the settlement of the "Mormons" near Independence when he was mobbed, as he said, "by men in ambush, and, after a desperate struggle, taken and severely maltreated!" But it proved sufficient. The men were sentenced to ten days in prison, and taken immediately to the Old Block House in the town, which served for a jail.

Said one of the witnesses afterwards to Squire Weston: "Although we could not obtain even a warrant for the arrest of this man McCarty for breaking into the store,

yet he has succeeded in getting us put into jail for catching him at it!"

Lyman Wight, when he came home that evening and learned what had occurred, was perfectly furious.

"If this is Missouri justice," he said in great wrath, "I'll see what I can do to better their instruction!"

That very night he rode among the settlements of the Saints in Jackson county in search of men to defend the Saints from this avalanche of justice that was threatening to fall on their heads. By sunrise the next day he had collected two hundred men, between forty and fifty of whom were armed with guns and pistols. For guns and ammunition in that part of the country were scarce, especially among the Saints.

"Now," commented the Wild Ram of the Mountains "we'll see if we can't teach Missourians a lesson in justice!"

But what that lesson was I shall have to leave till next time.

VOICES OF SPRING.

By Annie Malin.

*The March wind has whistled, the robin has heard,
The snowdrop and crocus awake from their dreams,
The daisy and hyacinth take up the word
That tulip and daffodil tell to the streams.*

*The sunlight shines brightly, no cloud in the sky,
The buds are now swelling, all nature doth sing,
The violet's perfume steals silently by;
From the hillside and valley come voices of spring.*

*Then listen! oh mortals, the language is plain
That comes from the mountains, the streams and the sod;
Like flowers after winter we will yet rise again,
For voices from nature are voices from God.*

Written for the Juvenile.

The Easter Hare.

A long time ago, in a far-off country, there was a famine; and this is how it came about: In the early spring, when the first grass peeped out, the sun shone so hot that the grass was dried up. No rains fell through the long summer months, so that the seed and grain that were planted could not grow, and everywhere the fields and meadows—usually so green and rich—were a dull gray-brown. Here and there a green tree waved its dusty branches in the hot wind. When fall came, instead of the well-filled granaries and barns, there was great emptiness, and instead of happy fathers and mothers, there were grave, troubled ones.

But the children were just as happy as ever. They were glad, even, that it had not rained, for they could play out of doors all day long; and the dust piles had never been so large and fine.

The people had to be very saving of the things that had been left from the year before. All the following winter, by being very careful, they managed to provide simple food for their families. When Christmas came there were not many presents, but the children did not miss them as we would, because in that land they did not give many presents at Christmas-time.

Their holiday was Easter Sunday. On that day they had a great celebration, and there were always goodies and presents for the little boys and girls. As the time came nearer, the parents wondered what they should do for the children's holiday. Every new day it was harder than the day before to get just plain, coarse bread to eat; and where would they find all the sweet-

meats and pretty things that the children had always had at Easter-time?

One evening some of the mothers met, after the children were in bed, to, talk about what they should do. One mother said: "We can have eggs. All the chickens are laying; but the children are so tired of eggs, for they have them every day."

So they decided that eggs would never do for an Easter treat; and they went home sorrowfully, thinking that Easter must come and go like any other day. And one mother was more sorry than any of the others. Her dear little boy and girl had been planning and talking about the beautiful time they were to have on the great holiday.

After the mother had gone to bed she wondered and thought if there were any way by which she could give her little ones their happy time. All at once she cried right out in the dark: "I know! I have thought of something to make the children happy!"

She could hardly wait until morning, and the first thing she did was to run into the next house and tell her neighbor of the bright plan she had thought of. And the neighbor told some one else, and so the secret flew until, before night, all the mothers had heard it, but not a single child.

There was still a week before Easter, so there was a good deal of whispering; and the fathers and mothers smiled every time they thought of the secret. When Easter Sunday came, every one went, first of all, to the great stone church—mothers and fathers and children. When church was over, instead of

going home, the older people suggested walking to the great wood just back of the church.

"Perhaps we may find some flowers," they said.

So on they went, and soon the merry children were scattered through the woods, among the trees.

Then a shout went up—now here, now there—from all sides.

"Father, mother, look here!"

"See what I have found—some beautiful eggs!"

"Here's a red one!"

"I've found a yellow one!"

"Here's a whole nestful—all different colors!"

And the children came running, bringing beautiful colored eggs which they had found in the soft moss under the trees. What kind of eggs could they be? They were too large for bird's eggs; they were large, like hens' eggs, but who ever

saw a hen's egg so wonderfully colored?

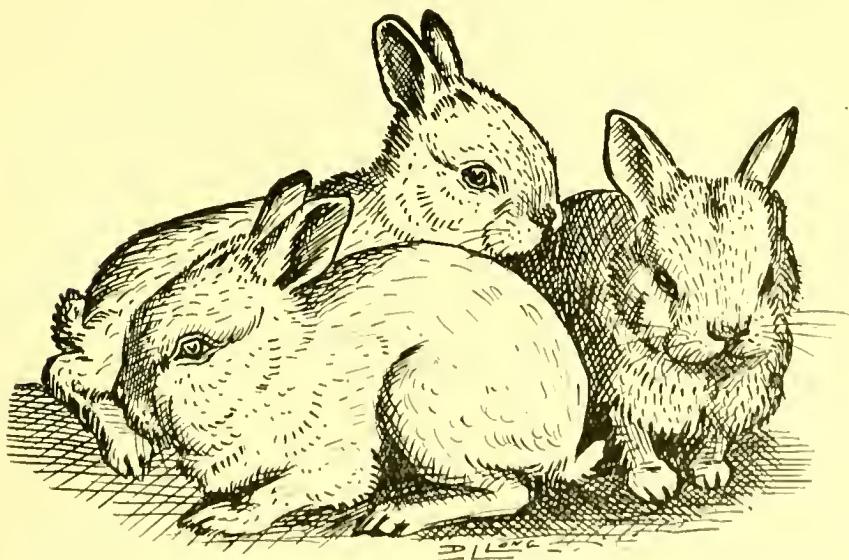
Just then, from behind a large tree where the children had found a nest full of eggs, there jumped a rabbit, and with long leaps he disappeared in the deep woods, where he was hidden from view by the trees and the bushes.

"It must be that the rabbit laid the pretty eggs," said one little girl.

"I am sure it was the rabbit," said her mother.

"Hurrah for the rabbit! Hurrah for the Easter rabbit!" the children cried; and the fathers and mothers were glad with the children.

So this is the story of the first Easter eggs, for, ever since then, in that far-away land, and in other countries, too, has the Easter hare brought the little children at Easter-time some beautiful colored eggs.



A Gift From God.

By Maud Baggarley.

Mr. Gordon strolled slowly through the hop-yard, complacency written all over his round sunburned face.

The loud peals of laughter, the ceaseless chatter of many voices, even the wails of tired babies and the barking of dogs was music to his ears—music because it meant, if the weather continued good, that the yield of hops would be greater than ever before.

“The price of hops is away up this year for a wonder,” he murmured, with satisfaction, as his eyes roved over the field, taking in every detail of the familiar scene before him. The long rows of hop-vines were strung from pole to pole, and the canvas covered hoppers (one on each side of a row) were being deftly and rapidly filled by the busy pickers to many of whom this work meant bread and butter for the winter—a means of “keeping the wolf from the door.”

Many of the women pickers were widows, and although only a fraction of a cent a pound was given, yet with the help of the children the mothers were enabled to take back a tidy sum when they returned to their homes in the various small towns in and about Yamhill county—“the hop-garden of Oregon.”

Not only widows, but men with large families came and worked—some happily, others stolidly, without lifting their eyes, or their voices, except to call “scales” or “vine.” The gay laughter and jests of the boys and girls who were picking hops in order to earn money to aid them in their struggle for an education were unheeded by those who could not spare a moment from their work to enjoy life.

The ministers, however, and the wealthy people who came for the sake of recreation or health enjoyed each minute to the utmost. And certainly the life under the open sky and the peculiar smell of the hops brought the roses to the cheeks of more than one of the white-faced, puny folk.

All were dressed in old clothes, for the hop-juice stained everything an ugly brown color. The women wore sunbonnets or wide hats made of China tea-sack matting. And many tried to protect their hands by means of gloves, from the biting poisonous juice, and the rough vines, which raised great welts on the unprotected flesh, leaving it sore and bleeding.

Dave Gordon, however, was not thinking of tired feet, aching backs, or bleeding hands, nor was he probing for the motives which kept this busy crowd of men, women and children engaged in the task of stripping the fluffy green hops from the vines into the hoppers placed to receive them. He saw, it is true, the flapping sun hats, the “vine-cutters” running and stumbling across the fields, lowering the wires on which the vines were strung, and he saw them assist in moving the hoppers farther down the rows. He watched the “yard-boss” as he hurried across the yard in answer to the cry of “scales,” saw him empty the hops from the hoppers into the immense hop-sacks and saw him weigh them, record the number of pounds in his book, pass over a ticket to the picker, and hurry on.

The smell of sulphur, which drifted from the hop-house, where the hops were dying and that of the fresh ones in the big sacks piled up

between the rows waiting to be hauled to the hophouse; the hundreds of acres of hops, in the valley below him, which looked like a green ocean with every "rounded billow fixed and motionless;" the hills standing out like a bas-relief from the clear September sky; and an occasional gleam of silver, which he knew to be the Yamhill river,—all these things reached Dave Gordon, and it was like the smell of incense in the nostrils of a heathen god.

After his first survey of the hop-field Gordon stood, for a long time, like a sentinel, his arms folded across his chest, his hat pulled low over his eyes, looking off over the valley.

He awoke, at last, from his musing to a realization of his surroundings to find the sun low in the west, a tang of rain in the air, and his neighbor, the owner of a small hop-yard on the bank of the river, approaching him, hesitatingly. Gordon's face clouded as he noted the bowed form, furrowed face, and lagging foot-steps of Mr. Wilton.

"Well," ejaculated Gordon, gruffly, acknowledging Wilton's salutation by a curt nod. "Say your say and be quick about it. It'll soon be dark, and I must attend to putting on another "floor" of hops."

"I'm sorry to detain you, Dave," murmured Wilton, apologetically. "I just wanted to ask you again if you wouldn't consider the proposition I made you, last week, about allowing some of your pickers to move over and pick my hops."

"Reconsider, reconsider, I should say not!" sputtered Gordon. "Did you reconsider that little matter of the boundary fence ten years ago, John Wilton?"

Wilton's face fell, although he made no reply, yet his heart contracted painfully as he thought of

what it would mean to him to have the hops go unpicked. His work and that of his sons for nearly a year lost, and what was a thousand times worse, no money with which to send his invalid wife to a milder climate.

"When you get ready to give me my rights I'll consider yours," remarked Gordon, dryly, as he turned away.

Wilton did not answer, but stood for a while lost in deep thought: then with a sigh walked slowly and despondently homeward.

"Old 'Dave Harum,' was right," muttered Gordon, as he strode hastily along, "you want to 'do unto the other fellow as he would like to do unto you, and do it fust,'" and he smiled grimly.

Although as rough and prickly as a chestnut burr, hasty of temper and quick of speech, yet Dave Gordon had a very tender heart. He had become, however, in his effort to accumulate wealth a little soured, and would have grown, ere this to be as uncharitable as the famous Levite priest, had it not been for his lovely, generous, gentle, little wife, who made him ashamed to do petty things.

The one sorrow of his life had been that no child had come to bless their union, no son to inherit his wealth, no daughter to gladden the yearning mother-heart of his wife.

For years it had been the desire of Mrs. Gordon's heart to adopt a little one, but this her husband refused to think of, although usually quick to grant her slightest wish.

"An adopted child would only 'bring our gray hairs in sorrow to the grave,'" argued Mr. Gordon. "People who are fit to have children take care of them. Those who cast them off have already given them a bad inheritance. It's no use, hereditary vices and inclinations are

stronger than anything else on earth."

"I differ with you," his wife would reply, quietly. "We are the children of God—a King. And although we receive much from our parents here, yet I believe that we inherit most from our heavenly Father. And I believe that these little ones, if loved and guarded, and wisely trained, will bring only joy.

"That old story of heredity being stronger than environment has cost many a little child a home and a happy life and caused it to drift into a loveless existence of sin and shame and crime. I shall always believe that with God's love and a proper environment, all things bad may be overcome; for good is stronger than evil."

Mr. Gordon would listen to his wife indulgently and though usually silenced was never quite convinced.

Today, sore at heart as he longed for a child, angry with himself to think that he had been unjust in his dealings with a neighbor on the account of an old grudge, unwilling to meet the men at the hop-house just yet, and knowing that the work would go on just as well without him, Gordon hastened over the wilted vines, clinging to the wires, now prone on the ground, and plunged into the jungle of unpicked hops to get away from everybody—himself included.

The poles, each crowned with fluffy hops and green leaves, reached far above his head, and the long vines, thick with foliage, ran out on the wires, strung from the top of one pole to another, and sent down long tendrils, thus forming a screen on each side of him.

Tired, at length, he flung himself down on the soft ground. Lulled by the sounds of deepening twilight

and the low tones of the wind he drifted into a semi-unconscious state, from which he was aroused by the sound of a soft, sobbing voice—a baby's voice.

He sprang erect and looked about him in bewilderment.

"O, I want a mother and father, God. Didn't you mean for all little girls to have them?" the child was saying. "You took my father, and I'm all alone—and on one wants me—and—and—" the voice trailed off into silence.

Gordon lifted the screening vines gently, and saw a little figure huddled in the shadow of a hop-pole.

"Kiddie," he called, softly, "are you lost?"

The child struggled to its feet, uttering a startled cry, and Gordon saw that it was lame.

A great tenderness, almost maternal, was born in the man's heart, and he sank to his knees and gathered the child to his breast, where it nestled perfectly contented, never doubting but that its prayer had been answered literally, while the man soothed it, crooned to it and rocked it in his arms while great hot tears rolled down his cheeks.

Worn out from weeping the child soon slept cuddled in loving arms for once in its life.

It was too dark to discern the little one's features, but beautiful or ugly it mattered not to Gordon. It was small, and lonely, and sweet, and as the helpless, soft, warm little body snuggled close to him his heart was filled with joy, and a great flood of protective tenderness swept over his soul.

Rising, at last, he bore the child to the hop-house without awakening her, and ascertained her history from one of the men on night shift, who happened to know the facts.

She had been an unwelcome babe in the first place, and had been neg-

lected by her mother. When she was a year old her father died, and a few months later her mother married again, and the second husband refused to allow the woman to keep her child. Cast off by the mother, an aunt gave the little thing a grudging shelter. Harsh words and ill-treatment had been the portion of the child all the days of her short life.

After listening to the man's story Gordon took the girl to the camp of her relatives who, not at all alarmed by the little one's absence, gladly gave their consent to the babe's adoption. Finally the man turned his steps home-ward.

Mrs. Gordon, accustomed to waiting supper for her busy husband, sat by the fire sewing. She was endeavoring to unfasten a kink in her thread, hence did not look up when her husband entered, but spoke to him, softly.

Gordon hastened across the room, brushed her work aside, and deposited his burden in the lap of his astonished wife.

The child opened its big brown eyes, a dimple creeping into its cheek as it smiled, then fell asleep once more.

"It's ours, Mary, our very own," exulted Gordon, kneeling on the floor and putting his arms around his wife and the child.

"O, Dave," exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, rapturously raining kisses on the sweet, flower-like face, "you'll never be sorry."

"I know it," said he, emphatically. "I'm sure she'll prove a blessing. And what is more," he continued, "I mean to go to the "Children's Home," in Portland, and get a couple of boys and maybe another girl. We have plenty of help and plenty of money—and—and—perhaps," he went on, diffidently, "perhaps the Lord thought there were enough children here who needed 'mothering' without sending others."

"And, Mary," said David, pulling her head down and rubbing his cheek against hers, "I'm going to do as you want me to and help Wilton out a bit, for I guess the "Golden Rule" is the best, after all."

HEAVEN.

By Mabel Gottfredson, Age 14 Years.

"Have you ever been to Heaven?
Is it very high?
Is it very far to Heaven?
And is it fun to die?

"My teacher told me that it was,
In Sunday School, last week,
And if we're good, like Jesus was,
If we're holy, just and meek,

"We'll go to Jesus when we die,
And He will love us, too;
We'll go to His great home on high
If we're but good and true.

"My teacher said that God lived there,
Is that true, mamma dear?

Written for the Juvenile.

*Was it Him to whom I said my prayer
All the time last year?"

With happy heart and willing hand
That innocent child that day
Was the happiest child in all the land,
Whether at work or play.

Then let us think of Heaven more
And how we all should be
Innocent and just and pure,
Just as we ought to be.

And when we reach the Heaven above
Where all will happy be,
We'll live in unity and love
And always will be free.*

Children of the Mill.

II.

HOW THEY CAUGHT THE BEAR

One morning Sam got up early. He and John and Bob slept on top of the blacksmith shop by the edge of the creek. Sam wanted to get up early so that he might surprise his father by making the fire for him.

As he walked along the path toward the house, he saw the tracks of some animal. He stopped to look at them, then ran back to the blacksmith shop calling out—

"Bear tracks! Bear tracks!"

In a jiffy Bob was up, and the two boys were following the footprints of the bear. They led round the house, up to the mill and then off to the mouth of North Fork. The boys turned back at this point to tell the others.

Soon all were out looking at the tracks.

"It's bear tracks all right, and a pretty big fellow, too," said John. "Let's follow it, Sam, after breakfast, and maybe we can kill it. Come on, John; bring your rifle. May we, Father?" asked Bob.

They all laughed at the idea of ten-year-old Bob killing a bear.

"You may follow it as far up as Smith's cabin, for I want you boys to take a ham and some things for them," said their father.

Th's cabin was about three miles up the North Fork. Two men were camping there and cutting logs for the mill.

"Do you think they'll overtake the bear?" asked Mrs. Thomas.

"No!" said Mr. Thomas, "there's no danger of that."

After breakfast the boys set out, John with his rifle and Sam with his shotgun.

"Maybe you think I couldn't help kill a bear because I haven't a gun," said Bob, "See this big club. If I should hit him a crack on the head with that, it would knock him senseless."

"Never mind, Bob, you'll have a gun some day," encouraged his mother.

The boys followed the tracks easily up the steep, narrow road, passing great piles of trees, which had been uprooted and piled high by the last winter's snow-slide, and up through beautiful groves of pine and quaking-asp. Still the tracks never turned from the road. At last, about noon, they reached Smith's cabin. But the bear had gone straight on.

The cabin was among the pines. It was made of logs and had no glass at the window nor any door at the door-opening. Inside there were two bunks, a camp stove, a rude table and some three-legged stools. The floor was a dirt one. Behind the cabin there was a shed, where the men put their horses when they came to haul the logs to the mill.

The loggers were out cutting trees. So the boys threw themselves on the bunks to rest.

"I'm hungry," said Bob, "I wish we could find something to eat. They don't seem to have anything here."

The boys looked ruefully at the empty shelves.

In those days it was the custom among travelers in the canyons to make themselves at home in one another's cabins. If the owner happened to be out, it was thought perfectly proper to help oneself to whatever food could be found.

"Here's a bottle! I wonder what's

in it," exclaimed Sam, reaching for it. "Molasses! Hand me that long straw, Bob, and I'll suck some out."

"Give me some, too," said Bob. So they lay on the bunk and sucked molasses out of the bottle.

In a short time the two loggers came home for their dinner.

"Hello, boys! So you're up at the mill again. Glad to get back?" This was Bill Smith, one of the loggers.

"Yes, sir, we are." Answered Sam. "We tracked a bear up here this morning. It came down to the mill last night."

"Did it steal anything?" asked Bill.

"No, sir, I don't think so. We didn't miss anything."

"Well, there's the biggest thief of a bear up here you ever heard of," said Bill. "This is where we hide our grub away from him." And he pulled out from under one of the bunks a shallow box with a lid on.

He took out same bacon and busied himself about getting dinner.

Bob and Sam were anxious to hear more about the bear thief.

At last Bob said, "Is it a very big bear?"

"Pretty good size."

"Does he ever come in the day time?" Bob looked behind him.

"No, he comes at night mostly."

"Aren't you here nights, then?" asked Sam.

"Yes, we're here all right, but that don't trouble him. He comes right in and helps himself."

"Why don't you shoot him?" asked John.

"He always comes in so quietly he never wakes us up. He steals the ham and bacon first and helps himself to the molasses or sugar or anything else he likes, then goes off again, and we never know he's been

here till morning. But I don't like the idea of him getting this fine ham you brought. I can't put it under the bunk; it's too low."

"Why don't you watch for him?" asked Bob.

"I'm going to. I believe I'll do it to-night."

"Let's stay up here and help," suggested Sam.

"Yes," said John and Bob. "We could take turns watching with you."

"All right, but you'd better go down and ask your father first," said Bill.

"Bob and I will go down, then we can ride the ponies back. Shall we, John?" asked Sam.

"Yes, and bring up some blankets."

Bob and Sam gave each other a look which said as plainly as look could, "Won't this be fun!"

After their dinner of biscuits and molasses, bacon and fried potatoes, the boys set out.

About five o'clock they were back. Their father, who knew the men were very trustworthy, had given his consent.

Their mother sent up some cake and fruit, which was a great treat to the loggers.

At night they built a bon fire and sat around it telling stories till bedtime.

"I'll take my blankets and lie right across the door," said Bill. "And I'll put my rifle right here by my side. When he comes I'll shoot. Then you boys can get your guns, and we'll finish him in no time. It's full moon; we can see him without any trouble. I think that will be a good way. Then you boys won't have to lose any sleep watching, and I won't have to, either."

Sam whispered to Bob: "Let's not go to sleep at all, and when

we see him coming, shoot first. Maybe we can kill him all by ourselves."

They kept awake until they heard the heavy breathing of the loggers. But they had walked far that day and were very tired. The effort to keep awake was too much for them. So finally all were fast asleep.

In the morning the logger, who slept in the bunk, awoke first and called out to Bill—

"Hello, Bill! wake up! Did you get that bear?"

The boys started from sleep, thinking it was in the night and the bear had just come.

"I guess he smelled me here and was afraid to come in," said Bill.

Then they all looked towards the nail where the ham was. But it wasn't there!

"Say, now, you've hid that ham!"

said Bill. "Dave, you're trying to fool us."

"No, honor bright, just woke up."

"Well how could the bear get it?" asked the boys.

"He couldn't without stepping over me," said Bill.

"Look for his tracks," some one said.

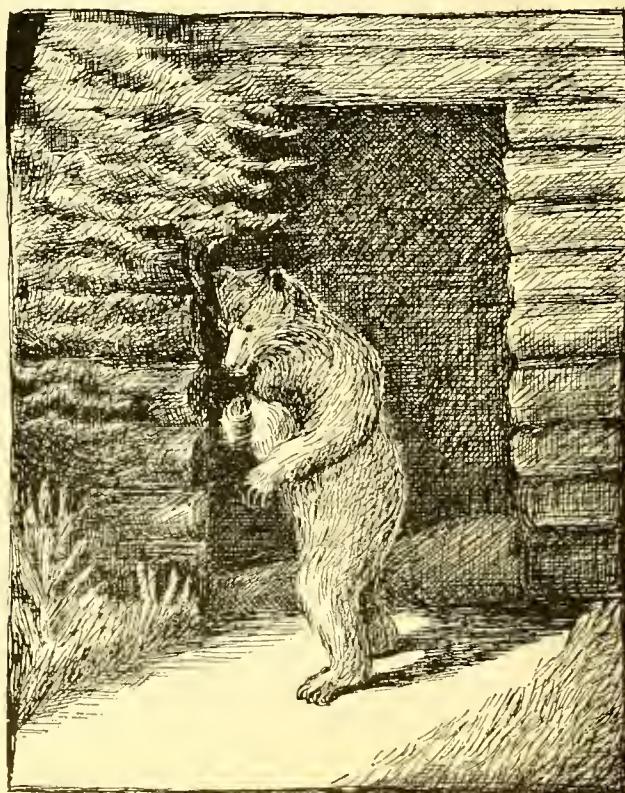
There on the dirt floor they could see plainly enough the tracks of Bruin.

"Here's where he stepped over you when he came in, Bill," said Dave. "And see where he went out."

"Well, well! if that don't beat all!" And Bill looked very sheepish.

Dave sat on his bunk and laughed till the tears came.

"Never you mind, boys, we'll get him yet!" said Bill.



Two Little Stories.

An Engine Driver's Story.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the engine driver, as he plied his oil can about and under his machine. "A queer thing happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it. I was running along one afternoon pretty lively, when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets, I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled on to the track. You can't even imagine my feelings.

"There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slacken much, at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over; and after reversing and applying the brakes, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed, and shouted to me: 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a big, black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt and the dog saved her.

"My fireman thought it funny and kept on laughing, but I cried like a woman! I just couldn't help it, I had a little girl of my own at home."

Lincoln's Tenderness of Heart.

His sympathies went forth to animals as well as to his fellow men. Upon one of his visits to General Grant's headquarters in front of Petersburg, just before the Appomattox campaign began, he stepped into the telegraph operator's tent in company with Colonel Bowers our adjutant general. I was in the tent at the time, and my attention was attracted to three tiny kittens crawling about the floor. The mother had died, and the little wanderers in their grief were mewing piteously. Mr. Lincoln picked them up tenderly, sat down on a camp chair, took them on his lap, stroked their soft fur, and murmured, "Poor little creatures! Don't cry! You'll be taken good care of." Then turning to Bowers, he said, "Colonel, I hope you will see that these poor little motherless waifs are given plenty of good milk and treated kindly." "I will see that they are taken in charge by the cook of our mess and well cared for, Mr. President," replied Bowers. Three times I saw the President go to that tent during his short visit, and pick up those little kittens, fondle them, and take out his handkerchief and wipe their eyes as they lay on his lap, purring their gratitude. It seemed a strange sight, on the eve of battle, when everyone was thinking only of the science of destruction, to see the hand that by a stroke of the pen had loosed the shackles of four millions of bondsmen, and had signed the commission of every officer of that gallant army, from the general in chief to the humblest, lieutenant, tenderly caressing three stray kittens.

WOUNDED.

By Grace Ingles Frost.

Wounded!

Not with weapons fashioned by man's hand,
Ah no: with one which keener is by far—
The tongue, that tiny member which so oft
Doth deal forth pain more terrible than death.

Wounded!

Not by one who claimed a foe to be,
By one who bore the sacred name of friend.
'Tis such alone who have the power to give
To human hearts the deepest, cruellest wounds.

Wounded!

Must it be thus throughout mortality?
E'en the dear Lord such pain was forced to bear.
Think ye the wounds of nail-pierced hands and feet
Were greater than the wound of trait'rous kiss?

Wounded!

My soul behold and seeing ne'er forget
To write upon the tablets of thine heart
'Twere better far that tongue should never speak
Than speaking, unto others pain impart.

Written for the Juvenile.

The First Conference of the Church.

From the Autobiography of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

On the ninth day of June, 1830, we held our first conference as an organized Church. Our members were about thirty, besides whom many assembled with us, who were either believers or anxious to learn. Having opened by singing and prayer, we partook together of the emblems of the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. We then proceeded to confirm several who had lately been baptized, after which we called and ordained several to the various offices of the Priesthood. Much exhortation and instruction was given, and the Holy Ghost was poured out upon us in a miraculous manner—many of our number prophesied, whilst others had the heavens opened to their view, and were so overcome that we had to lay them on beds, or other convenient places; among the rest was Brother Newel Knight, who had to be placed on a bed, being unable to help himself. By his own account of the transaction, he could not understand why we should lay him on the bed, as he felt no sense of weakness. He felt his heart filled with love, with glory, and pleasure unspeakable, and could discern all that was going on in the room; when, all of a sudden, a vision of the future, burst upon him. He saw there represented the great work which through my instrumentality was yet to be accomplished. He saw heaven opened and beheld the Lord Jesus Christ, seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high, and had it made plain to his understanding that the time would come when he would be admitted into His presence to enjoy His society for ever and ever. When their bodily strength was restored to these brethren, they shouted hosannas to God and the Lamb, and rehearsed the glorious things which they had seen and felt, whilst they were yet in the spirit.

Such scenes as these were calculated to inspire our hearts with joy unspeakable, and fill us with awe and reverence for that Almighty Being, by whose grace we had been called to be instrumental in bringing about, for the children of men, the enjoyment of such glorious blessings as were now at this time poured out upon us. To find ourselves engaged in the very same order of things as observed by the holy Apostles of old; to realize the importance and solemnity of such proceedings; and to witness and feel with our own natural senses, the like glorious manifestations of the Priesthood, the gifts and blessings of the Holy Ghost, and the goodness and condescension of a merciful God unto such as obey the everlasting Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, combined to create within us sensations of rapturous gratitude, and inspire us with fresh zeal and energy in the cause of truth.

The Baby's Prayer.

By Katie Grover.

"Where are the boys?" asked papa as he came into the pleasant sitting-room where mamma sat reading. The unusual quiet of the house struck him at once, and he glanced around for traces of toys and books, and the little caps and coats, which usually adorned the room, but everything was spick and span.

Mamma looked up from her book and smiled, saying, softly:

"Do you miss them, too? They have gone to Sunday School with our neighbor's little girl. I thought it would be a great relief to be here all by myself, and enjoy the quiet, but the morning has been painfully long and dreary. I had no idea I should miss my noisy boys so much. I find I cannot enjoy my books half so well as when they are here to interrupt and ask questions between every line or so."

"Dear little youngsters," said papa, "I think we have three of the finest boys in the world; thanks to the noble little mother who gave them to me."

He drew her fondly to him and kissed her tenderly, then sat down in his easy chair to enjoy his cigar and the morning paper. He was a large, fine-appearing man, with dark, kindly-looking features, whose mouth and eyes had a smile for everybody. Perhaps that was the secret of his being so well liked by so many. Wife and children adored him, friends and acquaintances sought his company, and followed where he led.

His wife, dearly as she loved him, was not blind to his failings. Today, as she sat there apparently absorbed in her book, her thoughts

kept straying to him, while the great problem repeated itself as it had so many times before with the same intensity:

"What can be done to save him?"

The three boys were their pride and joy, and while the father wanted them to be strong and healthy, the mother's prayer was that they might become good and noble men. She herself was resolved to be and to do all that a mother could by way of example for her little ones—but the father—what of him? Her task seemed extremely hard when he was continually doing or leaving undone so many of the things which the boys must be taught were wrong and sinful. The little fellows looked up to him with such adoring faith in his perfection that the mother's heart trembled and shrank from the duty which lay before her.

A great stamping and kicking of three little pairs of sturdy feet coming pell mell up the front porch steps now broke the stillness; and in rushed Cecil and Basil, the four-year-old twins, followed by two-year-old baby Hallie.

"O mamma, they want us to come again next Sunday," called out the twins, together, as they threw off their caps, and ran to her, all excitement.

"Tome 'dain next Sunny," repeated baby Hallie, with a happy smile. "And I has to tell a 'tory. Papa, tell me one nice one."

"Well, boys, what have you learned at Sunday School this morning?" asked papa, looking up with the smile which was usually the signal for the three of them to rush into his arms.

Cecil and Basil looked at him and

then at each other, then Cecil ran to him, and clinging to his father's arm said, in a tremulous little voice:

"Papa, don't good men smoke, and aren't you a good man, papa?"

"I didn't like them to say that," said Basil, with a sob, "cause I thought you was the bestest man in all the world, papa."

"Papa will be good; I pray for him," said little Hallie, kneeling by his mother, and clasping his baby hands on her lap.

The mother caught her breath and bowed her head over her baby's golden curls, while the father's face flushed and quivered painfully.

"Please Dod, don't let my papa smoke any more. Name a Jesus, Amen."

Then Hallie stood up and toddled over to his father, his sweet face radiant with innocence and hope.

"Now, papa, Dod will help 'ou, won't Him?"

His father took him into his arms and pressed him closely to his breast. Then the twins climbed up, and claimed their share of love and caresses. He held them all very closely, as though he would never let them go again. Only the minute before, as it were, they seemed to be slipping from him, to be losing faith in him; and he could have

sobbed aloud, so keenly did he suffer; but now their little arms clung around him, and their sweet, wet kisses bedewed his face.

"Dearest," murmured his wife, she, too, coming to his side and slipping her arm around his neck. "Don't feel hurt at what the little things have said. Though they, in their wise baby fashion, have discovered and condemned your failing, still they have great faith in God's power to help you. Don't let them lose that faith. We all love you so much, and expect so much from you, big, strong man that you are. As they grow older, our boys will look to you for counsel and advice, and follow in your footsteps. O, dearest, be strong, and live your best, that you may lead these faltering little feet back to that beautiful world from which our Father sent them to us for awhile."

"Little Hallie's prayer shall be answered," said the father, with deep-felt emotion. "Never again do I want my darlings to turn from me with doubt and mistrust. Hallie, boy, papa isn't going to smoke any more, and after dinner, perhaps, mamma will tell us that beautiful story of our Savior, where He took little children like you up in His arms and blessed them—'for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

DREAM THY DREAMS.

By Maud Ellen Baggarley.

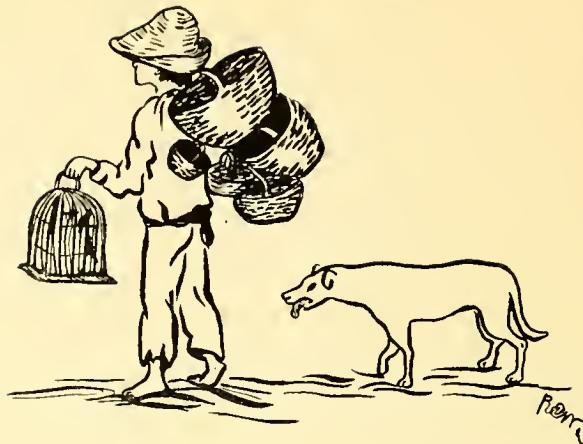
The things that nearest lie
The common work, the daily care,
Ah, bring to them a cheerful heart,
As onward thro' this world you fare,
But—dream thy dreams.

The little tasks well done,
The homely toil from sun to sun,
Are but the steps that lift thee high—

Written for the Juvenile.

Up toward the hills, up toward the sky—
If true unto thy dreams.

For dreams, like Star of old,
May guide thee unto wealth untold—
Wealth of spirit, joy of heart—
Will unto thee rich gifts impart.
So dream thy dreams.



The Gratitude of Antonio.

By Ruth Estelle Webb.

Despair was settling heavily down upon the heart of Antonio as he trudged wearily along the dusty road, under the sultry September sun. Visions of an angry or lamenting mother, and a holiday bereft of all that went to make it festive, replaced the earlier, highly colored pictures of the great rejoicing that would take place within their humble jacel on the morrow. For to ignore the sixteenth of September would be heresy in the minds of Antonio and his simple family.

But the *Senoras* in the Mormon colony had not been inclined to buy birds, baskets, or paper flowers on this particularly sultry day. And this it was, that, as Antonio shifted his burden of baskets from one shoulder to the other, and endeavored to hold the cage, in which drooped two exhausted wild birds, in the shade, despair almost clutched his heart—but not quite, and the kind Virgin might yet smile upon him. So, whistling to the lean yellow dog trotting behind him, Antonio made his way up the walk, between the rosebushes.

Loneliness, idleness, and the intense heat of the day, had combined to put Mrs. Benton in a very uncomfortable mood, and she welcomed the first diversion that presented itself, which proved to be Antonio.

"*Bueno dias! Senora!*" The wistful brown eyes looked up appealingly into her face. "Will you buy a very cheap basket? See there are many sizes very useful for anything which the lady could need. And these very beautiful paper flowers, made with my mother's own hands, for the most beautiful lady's hair! And these birds," he held up the forlorn little creatures, huddled on the floor of the cage. "These beautiful red birds, they will sing for the most beautiful lady from morning till night!" He paused and glanced up expectantly into Mrs. Benton's face.

Perhaps it was sheer recklessness, perhaps it was the flattery with which Antonio had copiously interlarded his remarks, or perhaps it was the pathetic look of the little brown figure in the ragged white shirt, and faded overalls, tied on

with an equally faded reboso, and the appealing brown eyes, gazing up at her, from under the ragged edge of a straw sombrero, that decided Mrs. Benton. Whatever it was, the fact remains that with a recklessness that took away Antonio's breath, as well as her own, Mrs. Benton bought them all!

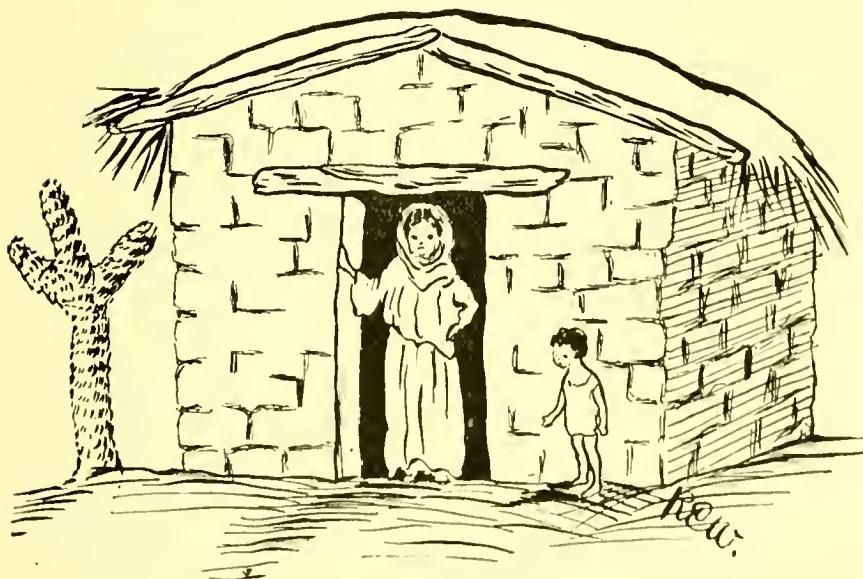
The gratitude of Antonio's knew no bounds. He called down the blessings of the thrice blessed Mother of Heaven upon the most gracious and beautiful Sonora! He thanked her with every word that his expressive language could furnish. Then feeling the inefficiency of words to express his feelings, Antonio cast about his eyes, and encountered the gaze of the faithful Roderigo, who waved his mangy tail, as if he too felt the debt of gratitude under which his master would rest forever.

Mrs. Benton gathered up the numerous baskets, and carried them into the kitchen, placed the impossible paper flowers in a vase, and

hung the drooping red birds in the shade of the back porch.

Still Antonio lingered. And from the expression on his pinched brown face, it was evident that a mighty struggle was taking place in his heart. At last it was finished, and with many bows and gestures Antonio presented to the most beautiful Senora, his dearest friend and ally, Roderigo!

Mrs. Benton was in a quandary. To refuse the dog, would be to offend and wound Antonio forever, though she knew the child loved his pet as a brother. And the thought of the merciless teasing to which she would be subjected, upon the return of her husband and son, when they learned of her useless, and decidedly unornamental present, caused her to hesitate a moment, before deciding to accept the gift in the spirit in which it was given, and make the best of it. Accordingly, Roderigo was led around to the rear of the house, and tied securely to a post in the back yard.



THEIR HUMBLE JACEL.

And Antonio richer in worldly wealth, but poor in the loss of his dearest friend, trudged homeward.

On the top of the hill, a wistful little figure turned and gazed with smarting and suddenly blinded eyes, to where tied to a post in the back yard of the most beautiful Senora, a yellow dog lifted his head to the sky and howled long and mournfully.

Mrs. Benton was immensely relieved the next morning, upon discovering that the disconsolate Roderigo had managed in some way to escape his irksome captivity, and was in all probability clasped to the heart of his loving master again.

"Well, I hope it is settled satisfactorily all around," she remarked at the breakfast table. "The gift was tendered, and accepted, and Antonio is not bereft of his amigo either! How lucky it was that he got away, though I thought he was tied securely."

The smile with which her son received this little speech, made her suddenly suspicious that perhaps there was more of design than accident in the affair. "O, Jack, did you let him go? The poor child would be so hurt if he suspected!"

"Which he won't," answered Jack, "He couldn't conceive of any one willingly rejecting such a treasure.

But don't worry, Mother," he added as he rose to go, "I'll never turn him loose again!"

"I sincerely hope you will have no occasion to!" murmured his mother, as she took her work, and sought the shade of the trees, in which to pass the few pleasant hours of the morning.

Her hopes were in vain however, for she had scarcely settled to work, before the click of the gate aroused her, and up the walk came Antonio decked out in gala attire, and leading by a string a very subdued,

and unhappy-looking yellow dog, who waved his tail in a miserable and half-hearted greeting to Mrs. Benton, as Antonio sternly led him toward her.

But if the little boy's meagre body was adorned with bright holiday array, his face bore no reflection of its glory. This was the supreme sacrifice of his life, and it had not been without many an inward struggle, that he had compelled himself to lay his friend upon the alter of Gratitude a second time.

It would have been so easy to accept the return of Roderigo as a gift from the gods, and so let it rest; but Antonio was of the stuff of which heroes are made, and with a mental picture of what the immortal Hidalgo would have done under the same circumstances, to stimulate him, he firmly marched back to Mrs. Benton's, accompanied by the recreant Roderigo.

It was with many apologies and reproaches for the unhappy dog, that Antonio explained to Mrs. Benton his astonishment upon awakening, to behold Roderigo curled up as usual at the foot of his bed. How surprised he had been to find the dog so lacking in the feeling of gratitude for the most gracious lady, so to desert her at the first opportunity! But he begged the lady to consider it ignorance rather than natural depravity that had prompted the dog's most unworthy action. While that unhappy animal fairly abased himself in his humiliation and disgrace.

With an air of resignation and the most gracious smile, she could muster. Mrs. Benton accepted the culprit, and with the help of Antonio attempted to fasten him more strongly than before to his post. Then with a heavy heart and many backward glances, Antonio took his departure, and Mrs. Benton re-

signed herself to endure the heart-rending howls with which Roderigo accepted his fate.

"Jack!" called Mrs. Benton tragically the next morning, "You promised—"

"Is the dog gone again?" inquired Jack, emerging from his bedroom, "Mother I certainly *did* not let him go this time!" He examined the rope. "You could not stand the strain of two nights of Roderigo's frantic efforts for freedom!"

"Well, I hope Antonio will see in finger of fate in it this time," said his mother fervently, "and won't prolong the agony."

It was just as he and his father were going to work that Jack with an appreciative grin, called his mother to the door. Mrs. Benton's heart sank, as she described the familiar, and patient little figure, leading the dog, now a shade more dejected than usual, patiently up the

walk. But as she hurried out to meet him, a brilliant idea entered her mind, and she interrupted Antonio's profuse apologies, with a happy suggestion.

"You see, he is not happy with me, Antonio, and as he is used to you, and loves you so, would it not be a good plan for you to keep him for me? Of course he will still be my dog, but you will keep him because he is so used to you."

To Antonio the most blessed Mother Mary had indeed been kind! Wonderfully so!

To pay his debt, and keep his treasure, too, was almost unbelievable bliss!

And as Mrs. Benton, with a sigh of satisfaction, turned toward the house, thankful to have it settled so easily, she glanced back at the figures of the reunited and happy comrades, racing joyously over the hill.



The Preparation of a Garden.

By Leon Newren.

The spring preparation of a spot on which to plant a garden constitutes no worry to people in the country, perhaps. By means of horses, wagons, and plows, the fertilization and loosening of the soil is made comparatively easy. Such was not the case, however, with a small family that I was acquainted with. They had no such aid in preparing a two hundred by twenty foot plot.

One evening, when the family was gathered around the fire, the subject was brought up and discussed. Mrs. Kearney was for having her husband lay off from his regular employment, taking one day to manure the ground and two to spade and rake it. Jess, the twelve-year-old son, listened attentively, and was apparently weighing the subject carefully. At last, when he saw how it puzzled his father, he broke out:

"Why don't you do as ma says, pa?"

"Hem! I can hardly afford to. It would pay better to work at my job, and hire for the garden. Three days is too much."

"Pshaw; can't you do it quicker than that? I say, pa, what'll you give me to do it in two days?"

"Two days? Ha! ha! if you can do it in three, I'll give you fifteen cents a day. And I'll venture six bits a day if you can make it in two. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

Jess jumped at the bargain, and could hardly sleep that night, because of planning to make it in two days.

Early next morning he borrowed his uncle's wheelbarrow. The manure pile was a good three hundred

feet away, so he soon found out that he had bitten a bigger piece than he had bargained for. But heroically he worked away. By noon thirty wheelbarrow loads had been spread over part of the plot. After dinner he spread thirty more in three hours. By six o'clock, seventy-five loads had been spread. His Father looked at the job, when he came from work, but said nothing. That night Jesse's thoughts failed to keep him awake.

Invigorated from his night's rest, Jess arose sharply at five-thirty, and walked into the garden. He was presently joined by his father, who showed him how to use the spade quickly and effectively. Then he left Jess, without a word of commendation for the work that had been done yesterday. Jess wished his father had said something, but no. Somehow, ten inches at a time seemed to make but a small bite in the two hundred feet. How long it took to go across that twenty feet!

Breakfast over with, Jess found it hard to return to his work. Monotonous? Oh, my! Even the spade seemed to have the same song,—down! rap! rap! rap (as it breaks the clods). Down! rap! rap rap! Then some saying comes into his mind, and keeps time with the spade. "Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well." "Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well." He cannot dislodge the obnoxious thought from his mind. The sweat falls from his face like beads.

"Oh, gee! ain't it soon dinner."

Yes, dinner time has come. He stops and surveys the work. Not one-third done! Dinner is over, and

he is back again. He can't dispel the monotony. He feels like throwing down the spade and running away. But just at that crisis, a chum comes to ask him to go play ball. He says he can't, but if Jack will help to finish digging the garden, he promises to treat tomorrow.

Jack considers and accepts. With two spades going, the heart, as well as the work, is made lighter. They race each other. By five o'clock it is nearly finished, by six a mere strip remains.

Just as Mr. Kearny comes home they finish the piece. He looks over the garden with satisfaction, noting the even raking and straight edges. Of course Jack has supper with Jess, after which no amount of weariness could prevent them from going up to Oscar's and playing relieveo.

In his easy chair, reading the

newspaper, that evening sits Mr. Kearny; at his side, his wife.

"Belle," he says, "I can't help thinking of our boy. Isn't he plucky? Not many boys like him, eh? Do you know, dear, he reminds me of you. So decisive, energetic, and tireless. That job lifted a load off my mind, and Jess shall certainly have a dollar and a half under his plate in the morning. I can now plant a little each morning, and soon have the whole finished.

The smile his wife gave him bespoke how deeply her maternal pride had been stirred by her son's achievement.

"Well, I am tired, so you'll excuse me, dear, for leaving you," says Mr. Kearney, as he kisses his wife good-night and goes to his room. Yet somehow he feels much more buoyant than he has felt for many a day.

The home is the center of life's interests. No other place on earth is ruled over by a father and mother, no other place on earth protects the infant, the child, and the youth. It is God's little paradise, where we get our first lessons; and as the home is a place of sweetness, purity, and light, so will the outside world be a place where love and sunshine dwell, and where the children of the Lord play a good and upright part.—Levi Edgar Young.

Peter Paul and Espen.

A Norwegian Folk-tale.

There were once three brothers—Peter, Paul and Espen—who set out from home to find their way through the woods. Now, Peter and Paul thought they knew all that needed to be known, and they were sure that they could do anything that needed to be done. Espen said but little, and the others thought he was of no account.

Their way led through a deep wood, where grew splendid trees and beautiful flowers. Happy birds flitted from tree to tree, and it was a pleasant place. After a while the boys heard a strange sound far away to one side.

"I wonder," said Espen, "I wonder what that sound can be."

"That, you silly boy," said his brothers; "why, it is just a wood-chopper chopping at a tree. Did you never hear a woodchopper before?"

"Yes, I have," said Espen, "but I wonder just what it is that we hear. I am going to find out."

"Nonsense," said Paul and Peter, "come with us, and don't stop for that."

"No," said Espen; "I am going to find out."

So away he went and there, far off in the woods, he found an axe chopping away all by itself.

"Good morning, dear axe," said Espen; "what are you doing there, all by yourself?"

"I have been waiting here hundreds of years for you," said the axe.

"Well, here I am," said Espen, and he took the axe and tucked it into his belt and hurried off to catch up with his brothers. They had not gone very much farther through the woods when they heard

another strange sound—tap, tap, tap—far away to one side.

"I wonder," said Espen, "what that sound may be."

"That, you silly boy," said his brothers; "why, that is just a stone-cutter picking at a rock. Did you never hear a pickaxe before?"

"Oh, yes," said Espen, "but I wonder just what it is that we hear. I am going to find out."

"Nonsense," said Peter and Paul, "come with us; we shall never get out of this wood."

"No," said Espen; "I am going to find out."

So away he went and there, far off in the wood, he came to a pick-axe tapping at a rock all by itself.

"Good morning, dear pickaxe," said Espen; "what are you doing here, all by yourself?"

"I have been waiting here hundreds of years for you," said the pickaxe.

"Well, here I am," said Espen, slinging the pickaxe over his shoulder and hurrying on to catch up with his brothers.

"Well, what did you find?" they asked of Espen. "Was it not a pick-axe?"

"Yes, it was a pickaxe," said Espen.

Presently the three boys came to a brook. "I wonder where this brook came from," said Espen.

"Well, did you never see a brook before?" asked Peter and Paul.

"Yes," said Espen, "but I wonder where it comes from."

So, in spite of his brothers laughing at him, Espen followed the brook until it grew narrower and narrower, and at last he found it trinkling from a walnutshell.

"Well, dear brook, what are you doing here, all by yourself?" asked Espen.

"I have been waiting here hundreds of years for you," said the brook.

So Espen took the walnut-shell and plugged it up with a bit of moss and put it into his pocket. Then he hurried on, but Peter and Paul were along way ahead of him. They had come to the city. Now, it happened that in front of the king's palace was a tree that had grown so large, and made the palace so shady and gloomy, that the King wished it cut down. But, strange to say, every time one of its branches was cut off another grew in its place. So, instead of growing smaller, the tree ever grew larger, and the King had offered half of his kingdom to whoever could cut it down.

Many people had tried, and had failed, and at last the King decreed that whoever tried and failed should be sent away to a very distant island, never to return. The palace was on a high hill, and every drop of water the King needed had to be carried up the hill. The King said he would give half of his kingdom to whoever could cut down the tree and dig him a well. Many people tried to dig a well and cut down the tree, but they all had failed and the King had sent them off to his distant island.

At last came Peter and Paul, the brothers who thought they knew everything in the world. They were sure they could cut down the tree and dig the well, but they, also, failed and they were sent off to the island to stay always. Then along came Espen, and he, too, wished to try.

"Oh, see your poor brothers!" cried all the people. "You must not try."

So he took his axe from his belt, put it at the foot of the tree and said to it: "Chop away, my axe."

And the axe chopped and chopped away until, in a few minutes, the tree was down. Then he took the packaxe, put it in the hard rock and said: "Dig away, my pickaxe."

In a little while the pickaxe had dug a great, deep hole. Then Espen took out his walnut-shell, pulled out the moss and dropped it far down into the ground. In a minute the water bubbled up as high as a fountain, and there was a splendid spring with all the water that was needed for the palace.

So the foolish Espén, whom no one thought to be of much account, had done what no other had done; and the King gave him half of his kingdom.

Can you tell what the story means?

Salvation cannot come without revelation; it is in vain for any man to minister without it. No man is a minister of Jesus Christ without being a prophet. No man can be a minister of Jesus Christ except he has the testimony of Jesus, and this is the spirit of prophecy.—Joseph Smith. * * * *

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, - - APRIL, 1909

White Slavery Facts.

The white slavery syndicate reaps more than two hundred thousand dollars in profits annually.

Thousands of country girls, as well as foreigners, are sold into white slavery ever year.

The white slavery trust is operated by a head known as the "Big Chief."

A white slave is worth all the way from two hundred to six hundred dollars.

White slavery, in all its dread

details and shocking degradations, is the subject of an article by United States District Attorney Sims in the September issue of the *Women's World*.

In writing the article, which deals with the lowest tendencies of men and reveals a condition of affairs that is startling, Mr. Sims declares that it is his object to enlighten parents of girls throughout the country in order that their daughters may be saved from white slavery.

"I sincerely believe," writes Mr. Sims, "that nine tenths of the parents do not know that thousands of girls from the country districts are every year entrapped into a life of hopeless slavery and degradation, because the parents do not understand conditions as they exist."

In speaking of the examination of hundreds of girls who were arrested in white slavery dens in the levee district in raids by United States marshals, Mr. Sims says:

"The one concern of nearly all those examined who have homes in this country was that their parents—and in particular their mothers—might discover, through the prosecution of the white slaves, that they were leading lives of shame instead of working at honorable callings. There are thousands of trusting mothers in small towns who believe that their daughters are getting along fine in the 'city,' when, as a matter of fact, these daughters have been swept into the gulf of white slavery."—Chicago *Record-Herald*.

Answers to Questions.

We have received the following question: "Was there any resurrec-

tion before that of Christ? If so, will you give Scriptural proof?"

The Scriptures, as we understand speaks of two general resurrections—the resurrection of the just, and the resurrection of the unjust; or, the first and the last. The first resurrection was begun by the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and after him, many of the Saints arose from death. We understand, also, that since that day many other righteous beings have been raised from death. (See Talmage's Articles of Faith, p. 396).

In I. Corinthians 15: 21, 22, the Apostle Paul says, "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." That is, death was inflicted as a punishment for Adam's sin; and from the death of Adam there was no escape—it was eternal—until a redeemer should come, even Christ the Lord. There could not possibly, therefore, be a resurrection until after the atonement was made. Hence Paul says also, "But every man in his own order; *Christ the firstfruits*; afterward they that are Christ's."

The great work of the resurrection, then, was begun by Jesus Christ. He broke the hands of death, and was the first to rise to immortal life.

We are asked if it is proper for deacons to administer or pass the Sacrament to the congregations of the Saints.

In the book of Doctrine and Covenants, we are told that "neither teachers or deacons have authority to baptize, administer the Sacrament, or lay on hands." But we

are undoubtedly to understand by the expression "administer the sacrament," the blessing of it and the setting it apart that the Saints may partake of it. This the deacons may not do. In all things, however, deacons are to assist teachers, priests and elders, and all the higher quorums, as necessary. The passing of the Sacrament to the assembled Saints is but a mechanical part of the ordinance, and there is no reason why deacons should not assist in that part of it.

A correspondent says that he has been unable to find the word "Elohim" in either the concordance to the Doctrine and Covenants or the concordance to the Bible, and asks whence we get the word. *Elohim* is a Hebrew word and is everywhere translated *God* in the Bible. *El* and *Eloah* are other forms also translated *God*. From Exodus 6: 3, we learn that God was known to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and to all the patriarchs before Moses, by the name of God, or *Elohim*, but that the name of Jehovah (YHWH) was unknown to them. Both these names have now become more or less familiar, because critical scholars think they see in the use of these words at least two sources of the Hexateuch. In one source the name *Elohim* is characteristic as the name of God; in the other it is *Jehovah*. Critics claim, therefore, that the Hexateuch is made up of the writings of at least two different authors, or schools of writers, one the Elohist, the other the Jehovah. The Prophet Joseph Smith was a student of Hebrew and knew well the name Elohim. Undoubtedly the use of the word in the Church has come from him.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS.

Sanctity for the Name of Deity.

By *Homer McCarty*.

There exists among our people today an alarming tendency to treat in a frivolous and disrespectful manner the name of Deity and things sacred and holy. So widespread and universal has this tendency become that names and terms applied to sacred things have lost, in a degree, their significance and meaning. The sense of sacredness and holiness have literally been spoken out of them.

In many of our communities the sound of Zion has lost its sweetness, and instead of the "pure in heart," the mind sees only a city stained with sin and crime. We flippantly greet our friend by addressing him as "Bishop." We lose all the sublimity of the term "Saint," by applying it promiscuously to any and all parties from Utah. Baseball teams and other sporting organizations are styled "Elders." A general disregard for all names and terms used in the Latter-day work is manifest in all phases of society.

The name of Deity is bandied about in common conversation, without the slightest regard for place or company, much less a reverence for the name of the Creator of all mankind. Profanity is used for emphasis in narration, to make more forceful an exclamation of delight or sorrow. It is used to fill up a faulty and meager vocabulary. The habit has become so popular that in many sections it is a sign of effeminacy and weakness to refrain from profanity and obscenity.

The parent who desires his boy or girl to remain pure in heart and clean of tongue must guide his child clear of such company and environments. Among the first words in the limited vocabulary of our little children are words of slang and deep profanity. To the worldly-minded mother these childish expressions of future sin provoke a smile of satisfaction, and are looked upon as an omen of youthful precocity and rising greatness; but to the God-fearing parent these words, so carelessly spoken by her child, send a pang of deep grief and sorrow to her heart. In them she sees the seeds of vice and sin taking root in the soul of the little one, who unknowingly profanes the name of its Maker, but in the not far future will enlarge upon the offense and stand liable to all the dire consequences sure to follow.

Profanity is an easy ladder upon which the youthful soul can climb to darker sins and wider transgression. And too often are the seeds of profanity sown by the parents harvested by the children, spread to the playmates, and by them carried to the brothers and sisters at home, till all the neighborhood receives of its baneful influence.

Such are the conditions that confront the Sunday School teacher, the Primary teacher, and all those having the rearing and training of our boys and girls. These are the seeds first sown by the tempter, and when they once have taken root are the last to die out. They lead the possessor into temptation and forbidden paths. They cause him to smile at the lewd joke, or sudden outburst of profanity. They cause

him to cease to respect and revere the holy name of Deity, and to forget that his very existence is indebted to the name he blasphemes.

These conditions are not traceable to a lack of commandment, or revelation from on high. Holy writ and modern revelation teem with admonition and exhortation to keep sacred the holy name of God and His Anointed. By commandment God has made it incumbent upon man to observe the sanctity of His great and holy name. By caution of sure condemnation we are told the terrible effects of non-compliance with these commandments. By promise of great reward are we asked to honor the name of the King of kings, and by example He has shown how these transgressions may be avoided and the rewards merited.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

So spake the Almighty from the high top of Sinai, while the mountain shook as with an earthquake, and a burning, fiery cloud kept back the hosts of Israel, till God delivereded to them the code of laws and commandments which would fit the people to be called after His name.

Of the ten great fundamental principles, or laws, there given to Israel, the Creator saw fit to give the honor of third place to the one which reads, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," and with His own finger wrote upon the tablets of stone that He will not hold him guiltless who lightly speaks His name.

Thus, at the beginning of the great catalogue of commandments is defined the conduct of man to his Maker. There should be no other

gods before Him. The name of Deity should be revered and held in remembrance by all who in the end would be accounted blameless before the judgment seat.

Where a love and reverence for the name of the Master is wanting, of necessity there is lacking a desire to serve Him or to keep His commandments. To this one commandment only is added a specific consequence for its non-performance.

Man loses his respect and reverence for things holy by frequent repetition of sacred names and terms, also by careless and sacriligious use of titles and phrases applied to sacred subjects. God foresaw in man a tendency to grow too familiar; He therefore showed him how to avoid this condition, and said concerning the Holy Priesthood, which is the Priesthood after the order of the Son of God, it should be called the Priesthood of Melchisedek. Jesus, admonishing His disciples, said unto them, "When ye pray use not vain repetitions, as the heathens do. * * * After this manner shall ye pray, 'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.'" "John, than whom none born of woman was greater," felt himself unworthy to unloose the shoe latchet of Him who bore the name of Christ. Where, then, is the excuse of man to treat with frivolity the sanctity of Deity!

To him who honors the name of God great and many are the blessings in store, but sure and swift are the penalties which follow a disrespect for His holy name. Terrible was the punishment inflicted upon the sons of Aaron for daring to desecrate the holy sanctuary. Many are the instances in this last dispensation where retribution was quickly visited upon those who boastingly

profane the name of Deity. But to those who have respect and reverence for the Most High it was said, "Whatsoever ye ask in my name, that will I do," and "If any of ye lack wisdom, let him ask of God * * * and it shall be given him." In His name can you cast out devils, heal the sick, restore the sight, cause the lame to walk, command the elements, and invite the administration of angels.

When, in the presence of his God, Moses was told to take off his shoes for the very ground upon which he trod was sacred. We should keep this in mind when, in our mutual meetings and Sunday Schools, remembering always that the very floor upon which we walk is sacred, and God will not hold him guiltless who desecrates the meeting dedicated to His holy name.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, Thy God, in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." "For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

Preparation of Stake Supervisors.

The preparation of stake supervisors for Union meeting should always be in a formative condition, not handicapped by rigid rule of outline, guide, or text book, but rather springing continuously from direct contact with the conditions and results in the local schools.

The supervisor should be a liaison of methods not a teacher of text book facts.

But it may be asked, "How can we always be making preparation? Through our visits to local schools where we closely observe our departments, noting the personality and influence of the teacher, the manner of presenting the lesson,

the effect of the lesson upon the members made manifest by their expression, interest, and response, the development and application of the subject, the attendance as compared with the enrolled, the attendance as compared with the parents in the ward, steps taken to increase the new and more regular attendance of the parents, department work in local board meetings, home preparation of teachers, of members, relation of teachers to the Union meetings, condition of roll book and other topics peculiar to the various schools.

When these visits have been made during the month between Union meetings this suggestive material will have been multiplied by three and with it spread before us let us cull from the mass those vital, yes, those living issues in the teacher, and with the thoughts thus gathered shape our work for Union meeting.

Time will not permit the proper treatment of these subjects in one session, so the following month we continue to gather new material and watch the results of work and suggestions of past Unions, and happy is that supervisor who, on his subsequent visits, finds an increase in class attendance, new life infused into the lesson and interest and attention, manifestations of God's Spirit beaming in the countenances of those present, and thrice happy is he to find the seed thus sown springing forth in the family for the betterment of the inmates thereof.

But why not follow the guide in our Union meetings? Because, fellow teachers, we are, in the main, able to prepare in our local boards and homes, on the letter of the lesson, through prayer we obtain the spirit which giveth life, but through neither of these alone can

we, without work, be sure of a full attendance in our class, we cannot vouch for their preparation; we even pause and doubt our ability to deliver that which we can repeat almost word for word.

If ward supervisors with time at their command cannot master these questions from the guide, can we, in Union meeting, with limited time, do better? My answer is no. Such questions can best be met by an exchange of ideas, a notation made of suggestions given, and a united aggressive campaign made to overcome these obstacles, and no time is more opportune than in our departments in Union meeting.

Here I would drop a word, lest I be misunderstood: In the work of preparation by ward supervisors questions concerning the lesson present themselves, and if not answered satisfactorily should be brought to the Union meeting and there discussed and settled if within the province of the Stake supervisor, and farther in our study of those knotty questions how to outline a lesson, how to present it, and how to develop and apply the aim, we consider the lessons contained in the guide, and so it is not my purpose to exclude the guide in our department meetings, but to use it as a means to an end, and not the end itself, hence I quote again that portion of our text, "not handicapped by rigid rule of outline, guide or text book."

The stake supervisor thus prepared with living, burning issues gathered from observation and conversation with ward supervisors is able to serve at the feast, that which the body requires, and with the Spirit of God as a companion and light he should be in his place in Union meeting, to welcome his associate workers from the wards; to hear their successes and failures, to

lend here a word and there a smile, to be in very deed a host to the feast of fat things for the parents preparing.

Theological Department.

HOME PREPARATION IN THE THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

By Sarah A. Howard.

Everything of importance in life seems to have an object in view, a purpose to attain or an aim to reach. Nature, in all its varied forms, teaches us that its plans are well defined and its outlines clear and decisive. The workings of nature throughout her wide and expansive domain have ever been in accordance with order, system and law, proving that there has been a fixed purpose in all her operations. Man seldom attempts to perform any task worthy of consideration unless there is an aim to reach, something in view for him to come in possession of, or to have the assurance that he has honestly earned the prize and that the premium rightly belongs to him. In companies, organizations or corporations there is some purpose thought of, some achievement desired, which inspires, urges on to action and becomes like unto the propelling power of the mighty engine; no ordinary obstacle impeding its progress on its onward course to a successful destination.

We understand the main object of Sunday School work is to make true Latter-day Saints, therefore the teaching and training for the same naturally rests upon the teachers, making the calling and duties of the instructor of the highest nature, for it is expected that under their efforts this object of the Sunday School movement will be, at least to a degree, realized. This duty,

though a great responsibility, should be an incentive and inspire the teacher on to a more effectual preparation.

In order to gain satisfactory results in this direction, and also to aid in establishing good, strong and firm characters, the teacher should understand the subject in hand, hence the necessity of being thoroughly acquainted with the gospel, and more especially so when we consider that we are to teach theology as designated by the name of our department. Revelation tells us that we should seek to understand and know the word of the Lord and then we are promised we shall have the spirit given us to the convincing of men, thereby showing the power of knowledge.

No man can successfully teach what he does not understand, but a knowledge of the subject and a careful preparation of the lesson will give satisfactory results.

The importance, therefore, of home preparation in the theological department is, perhaps, the most essential of any department of Sunday School work; for here we have a class of pupils to whom it is necessary that the work be interesting and beneficial beyond even the requirements of other grades. Because from this department are chosen teachers for the other classes, missionaries for the home and foreign ministry and officers for various organizations in the wards and stakes of Zion. Therefore, the work done in this department should be thoughtfully and thoroughly prepared, so that the best results may be obtained.

In most of our theological classes the pupils vary in age and in experience. We have the boys and girls of ordinary school age and life, the returned missionaries, full of information regarding the his-

tory and doctrine of the Church, and our parents who are familiar with all the principles of the gospel. Each Sabbath morning the teacher finds himself in the midst of this varied group; many of which are at a stage which is the most critical period of their lives, a period in which they are likely to change from one opinion to another without any justifiable reason, thereby calling for and requiring the highest knowledge and powers of their instructor.

With these conditions existing and in the discussion of home preparation in the theological department, we will first consider the necessary preparation that should be made by the teacher or principal. This we hold to be the first great prerequisite to success in his or her calling as an instructor in the Sabbath School; and to begin with we here suggest that there are certain important elements which necessarily must characterize all of our efforts in preparing ourselves to present to our classes in the most pleasing, interesting and profitable manner, the lesson under discussion.

First we would emphasize the fact that deep and serious thought is the mainspring of all action, it is the well spring of life, whose fountains are continually sending forth crystaline streams which refresh the memory and feed the soul.

Every person is worth just what nature impresses him with, no more; an artist, standing in some beautiful shady nook with board and a stencil in hand engaged in reproducing nature; a young man climbing over forest, hill and dale, listening to the song of the birds as they flit from branch to branch in the happy springtime; the village girl, strolling through the meadows gathering wild flowers and admiring the verdure, and enjoying

the quiet of her peaceful summer home; each and all of these receive just what they are capable of receiving, and if they are truly great thinkers, their impressions will be great and some day may benefit others by causing them to think also. Just so with the teacher, his services are worth to his class just what the importance of their training has impressed him with, no more; and if he would superinduce in others a desire for wholesome and elevating thoughts, he must first become enthused with the importance and magnitude of this great element of intellectuality which paves the way for all worthy achievements; and if he has a desire to thus succeed he must crystallize his thoughts into plans at home, thus not only proving himself to be capable of instructing, but setting the example before his class of home preparation, the lack of which they will not be slow to perceive in their teacher.

No doubt we all agree that preparation on the part of the teacher comes first and foremost. There are, of course, circumstances that may excuse this non-preparation to some extent. The teacher may have a great deal of religious work to do besides that in the Sunday School; perhaps has some special work in the ward, or is an officer in some of the auxiliary associations. In this way he is so occupied that he may conclude he has little time to devote to Sunday School lessons. Here might come in and be applied very appropriately and fittingly the great principle of economy of time. Pardon me (for I believe we all could do better than we do). Is it not true that nearly all of us waste more or less time, that could be applied very profitably in our class work? Say half an hour each day, summed up for a

week and properly used in preparation, would make a wonderful difference. This kept up for one year would make 52 times as much difference, and the teacher would have so much more satisfaction that he would not want to part therefrom; for the remuneration to him in efficiency and encouragement will amply repay for all the sacrifice made in economizing and utilizing his spare moments. It has been said, "There is no one so busy but he could do a little more."

It is not enough to trust to one's general knowledge of the subject, nor to additional experiences one may have had. The interested and enterprising teacher would not be content without the assurance in his feelings of at least some heights or eminences reached through his efforts along the way the finger of success is pointing.

But more than time alone is needed; there should be a method of study in preparation which could use this time to the best advantage. This labor can be divided under several distinct headings. Of course it is necessary in the first place that the one in charge get all the information he can on the subject. If it be a lesson from the Bible he should read all this book contains upon it, including the cross references, and in addition should also be familiar with some of the best general works on the subject. In this way he gets above his material, and can arrange it to suit the needs of his class. Possibly it may happen that the teacher is not in possession of these works, but could perhaps borrow them, or assign readings from them to members of the class.

Next he may consider the manner of presentation, that is, the order of the topics, the amount that should be given, and the points to

be emphasized in each. It is true this part of the work is largely done in the "Outlines," which outlines are a great help in the teacher's preparation. Now he should ascertain what questions he should ask, keeping in mind the fact that they should be searching and thorough. All this is included in the teacher's home preparation.

I firmly believe that in the following lies a secret, one of the key-notes to success, that is in the closer relationship that should exist between the teachers and the pupils. We hope there are few who think it unnecessary to become familiar with the home life of the members of their classes, or who think it sufficient to know them by name and probably shake them by the hand when they come to class on Sundays. This may have been all that was really necessary when our towns were small and the people almost as one family; but conditions have changed, so also should come a change in the mode by which the teachers and pupils of our Sunday Schools may come closer together. The teacher should feel a keen personal interest in all the young men and women in his ward. How nice it would be for him to visit all who ought to be members of his class, urge them to come to school, find out where their interests lie, get to know what books they have access to, what they like to read and what attitude they take toward their lessons in theology. In short he should be so familiar with them, their lives and their dispositions that he could touch their interests and reach their experiences at a great many points. This all borders on home preparation, an abundance of which becomes one of the watchwords to successful work in a Sunday School class.

In this connection, I might add

that in some wards it has proved of considerable interest to hold meetings at the homes of the pupils, now at one place, now at another, in which the purpose has been to become better acquainted with one another. Of course this would not aid directly in the matter of home preparation. But indirectly it would, for it would no doubt increase the interest of the class in Sunday School work and, no doubt, also in the subject of the lessons taken up in the theological class. At any rate the teacher would become better acquainted with his pupils, and thus be the better able to aid them in the matter of their home preparation.

We may here emphasize somewhat the element of love, love for our labors, love for our class, love to think of them during the week, love to mingle with them and associate together.

One great writer has said, "Love is the only thing in all this world in which the height of extravagance is the last degree of economy." Love is the legal tender of the soul, and the teacher who cultivates love for his pupils will not fail to interest them in his class exercises on the Sabbath day, and also the one who loves his labors in the theological department seldom fails to make ample preparation at home for his duties in class.

The teacher who has an abundance of love is rich, though he be poor, for love is the vine upon which the flowers of life bloom; it is the tree upon which all the luscious fruits of the Gospel are to be found; and no teacher can successfully instruct the advanced students of our Sunday Schools, such as are found in our theological departments without at least a portion of the Holy Spirit which is love. This obtained, we shall be impressed

with the necessity of home preparation.

Again this closer relationship or love, added to careful preparation on the part of the teacher, becomes a power in his hand that calls forth a reverence from the student towards his instructor; for love begets love. And under these conditions the pupil will gladly listen to instruction from his teacher and try and perform the work assigned him. I would at this stage suggest the setting apart one evening each week in the homes of the students for their preparation. A suggestion of which from the teacher may be sufficient. Let this be a rule in the home of every student that he will let nothing prevent him from preparing his lesson during the week. The merits of such a plan are easily seen. In the first place all the class will be interested in the recitation. There can be little interest where the eyes have not been opened to the beauty or importance of any given subject. There must be a previous awakening, and this is furnished by preparation before the class takes up. In the second place every student will understand what everyone else has to say on the lesson. And further, the parents will naturally be interested and pleased to see their children study good books, and will frequently attend class to hear the recitation. Almost invariably where the teacher gains the love of the students he also gains the confidence and esteem of their parents. The help of the parents is one of the essentials in home preparation. In fact the average student feels his inability to prepare his lesson alone; but all weakness in this respect should leave him under the strong fortifications of parental encouragement

and aid. The value of this parental assistance is priceless, not only to the students, but to the teachers and the Sunday School work in general.

To summarize, I believe that it is necessary for the teacher, first of all, to be fully and abundantly prepared, secondly, for him to be familiar with the home life of his pupils, and thirdly, for him to have such a love for his pupils and his work as will incite him to think constantly of methods by which his class may be improved. Then he will find a reward, the consciousness of having done good, which will amply repay him for all the labor and patience he may have exerted in his noble task.

Notes.

Conference visitors are cordially invited to make the Deseret Sunday school Union Book Store—opposite the President's office on South Temple Street—their headquarters while in the city. We shall be pleased to provide table, chairs, stationery, pen and ink, so that our friends may rest or visit or write.

All Sunday-school workers will be glad to know that the new song book, promised some time ago, is now ready. We shall have plenty of them by conference time. The new book contains over 100 more songs than does the old one, and is a great improvement in general style and make-up. The new book sells at 50c for cloth, \$1.00 for limp leather, postpaid. To schools ordering in lots of one dozen or more, we make a special price of \$4.50 per dozen for the cloth, and \$9.00 per dozen for the limp leather, postage extra.

Pleasantries.

The new maid had been on this side of the water but a very short time, and a most amusing thing happened when she answered the bell for the first caller at the house where she was employed.

"Can your mistress be seen?" the visitor asked.

"Can she be seen?" snickered Kathleen. "Sure, and Oi think she can! She's six feet high and half as woide!"

A FAIR WARNING.

Last summer the congregation of a little kirk in the Highlands of Scotland was greatly disturbed and mystified by the appearance in its midst of an old English lady who made use of an eartrumpet during the sermon—such an instrument being entirely unknown in those simple parts.

There was much discussion of the matter, and it was finally decided that one of the elders—who had great local reputation as a man of parts—should be deputed to settle the question.

On the next Sabbath, the unconscious offender again made her appearance, and again produced the

trumpet, whereupon the chosen elder rose from his seat and marched down the aisle to where the old lady sat, and, entreating her with an upraised finger, said sternly: "The first toot ye're oot!"—Harper's Magazine.

ITS MEANING.

"Every occupation affords opportunities of its own for the study of human nature," says a Boston man, "if only there be a little aptitude for putting two and two together."

"I was browsing in a book-shop, at The Hub which does a little business in stationery on the side, when a young woman was asked by the genial old proprietor:

"'And when does the wedding take place, Miss Blank?'"

"'The wedding!' exclaimed the young woman, blushing. 'Why, you don't think—'

"'Ah, Miss Blank!' rejoined the old bookseller. 'When a young lady buys a hundred sheets of paper, and only twenty-five envelopes I know there's something in the wind!'"—Harper's Magazine.





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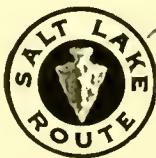
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